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The Liberalist

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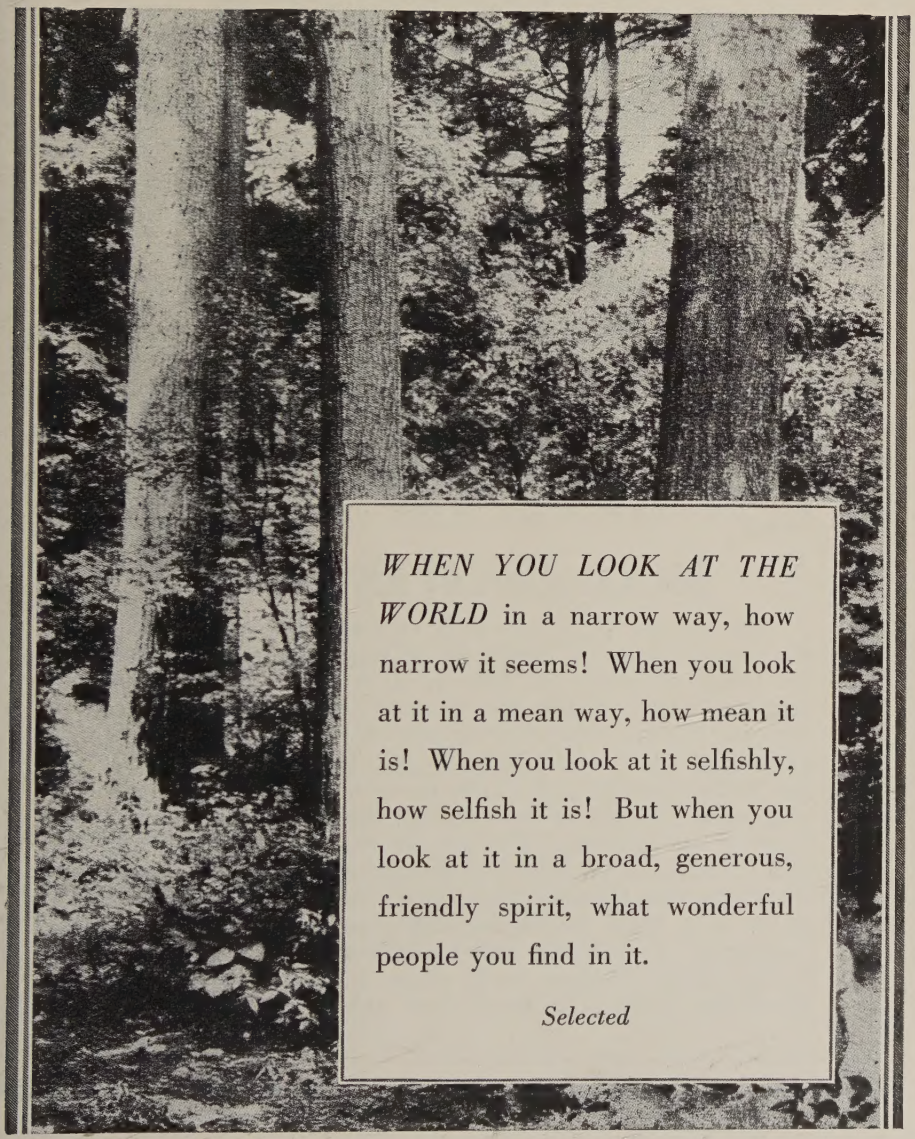
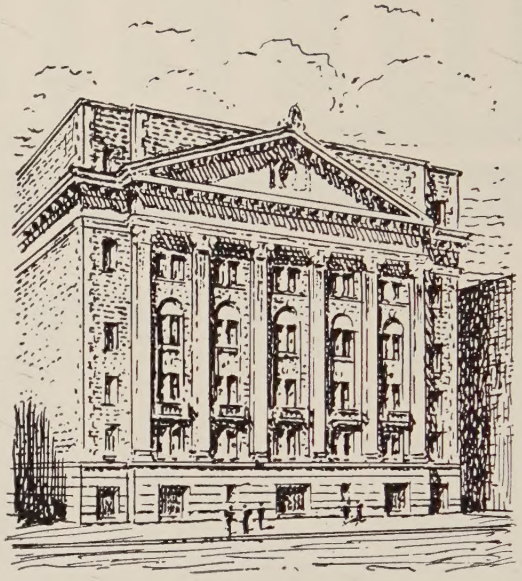


WHEN YOU LOOK AT THE WORLD in a narrow way, how narrow it seems! When you look at it in a mean way, how mean it is! When you look at it selfishly, how selfish it is! But when you look at it in a broad, generous, friendly spirit, what wonderful people you find in it.

Selected



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Volume XXV **August, 1948** *Number 5*

The Heart's Proof

Do you ask me how I prove
That our Father, God, is love?
By this world which He hath made,
By the songs of grove and blade,
By the brooks that singing run,
By the shining of the sun,
By the breeze that cools my brow,
By fresh odors from the plow,
By the daisy's golden head,
Shining in the fields I tread,
By the chorus of the bees
In the flowering willow trees,
By the gentle dews and rain,
By the farmer's springing grain,
By the light of golden eyes,
By the sheen of forest leaves,
By the sweets of woodland springs,
By the joy right-doing brings—
By a thousand, thousand things!

James Buckham

From "Quotable Poems"
by Thomas Curtis Clark)

The Peoples Church of Chicago

941 Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Rd.

* * *

This Church holds services regularly from the middle of September until the middle of June

* * *

DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

Chicago's well-known Pastor

Commentator, Author, Traveler and Humanitarian

SPEAKS EVERY SUNDAY

During the Church season the entire service is broadcast over station WJJD from 11 to 12:30 every Sunday morning.

From Sunday, June 20, through Sunday, September 12, WJJD will broadcast a 15-minute sermon by Dr. Bradley every Sunday morning from 11 to 11:15 by electrical transcription.

* * *

The Good—The True—The Beautiful

Our Only Creed

* * *

Church School of Religious Education meets every Sunday during Church season at 9:30. Classes for all ages.

Opening 1948-49 Season, Sunday, September 19th

(See Church Activities, page 22)

"GOOD NEWS FOR TODAY"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
April 25, 1948

THERE was not just one, but there were many letters which came in this week to The Peoples Church and to me, in an expression of appreciation and gratitude that I was going to talk on "Good News for These Days." Obviously, we are all of us beginning to feel that there isn't any good news, that there is no good news available, that everything is bad news. One lady wrote and she said: "My, I can hardly wait to hear what there could possibly be that's good news."

Now, if we are to depend upon the usual avenues of information available to us in this present hour, the radio and the press, many of the articles in our national magazines, many of the lectures which we hear, and, I am sorry to say, some of the sermons which we hear, I would be the first to grant that there isn't very much good news for this hour and for this moment in history. If we were to judge by the highly objectified things that are told us about what is happening in the world, what is happening in industry, in finance, in government, what is happening everywhere, well, I would be the first to admit that it would be rather difficult to mine out of all this objectivity very much which could be called "Good News." So, when I was thinking over this idea of "Good News" for these days I had to do, first of all, a little analysis of my own philosophical attitude toward these days.

I don't have to tell you, who have heard me a long time and over a long period of years, that I am, probably, an incorrigible, sometimes almost irresponsible, idealist. I don't apologize for that, I am quite complimented when somebody comes along and says of me: "Well, Doctor Bradley is all right, but he is too much of a dreamer, he is too much of an idealist, he is not practical and he does not think realistically." You know, I feel rather complimented when somebody tells me that. As a general rule, I think we are apt to classify individuals, in their attitude toward life, as either being pessimists or optimists. Either you are a deep-seated, basic, fundamental pessimist, in which case you can see nothing but disaster, confusion and chaos, and the world is going to smash up into smithereens and you envisage some final, ultimate, indescribable catastrophic experience for mankind that drives you into despair and cynicism and sends you down into the valley; or you must be a sort of optimist going around dancing on a sunbeam all the time, sort of light and airy, the kind of person who says, "Don't worry, everything will come out all right"; or you go around with a perpetual smile, "Well, you know, there is nothing you can do about it, you might just as well grin and bear it." Some of these people who tell me to "grin and bear it" irritate me; people who are sort of airy, kind of fluffy, they are putty-folks, you stick your finger in and take it out and there is a hole left—they are absolutists in their conception that everything will be all right and they are always quoting Robert Browning. I had one of them talk to me about Robert Browning and say, "You must not forget, 'God's in his heaven, all's right with the world.'"

That is utter rot. God may be in heaven all right, but if that is the only place he is, the world is going to be turned into a place quite the opposite of Heaven. He should share, of course, the experience of heaven. Being omniscient, He is there, but that is not the only place He is. If God is exclusively a tenant of heaven then the world is in pretty bad shape, and when they finally say, "Well, all's right with the world," and smile, it irritates me.

Now, these are the two extremes. I have been thinking it over in my mind, and I am not a pessimist, and I am never, I hope, an irrational optimist—neither one. You know the old saying about it. Of course you do. It just occurs to me at this moment: "'Twixt the optimist and pessimist the difference is droll; the optimist the doughnut sees, the pessimist the hole." As a matter of fact, if we are going to avoid the extreme of either one of these philosophical attitudes there would not be any doughtnut without a hole. If there was only a hole, what's happened to your doughnut? In other words, if we are to analyze, and with an application of some principle of logistics, that observation between the optimist and the pessimist, you see what you get? How on earth could the optimist see the doughnut if he was not aware of the hole? It is not possible. The only reason he has a doughnut is because there is a hole in the middle of it. Therefore, he has to see the hole as well as the doughnut. What about the pessimist? He only sees the hole. What basis for appraisal has he? He just hasn't anything. If you just have a hole you have no doughnut; you cannot have a hole without having something around it, and when the pessimist just sees the hole that is the end of him.

Now, there must be something else, and there is. It is this little philosophical conception that makes it so vital to us who are trying to make an appraisal of some of the enduring and permanent qualities in our civilization that will withstand any assault against them, and that is a conception people are having trouble realizing because they are finalists. Sometimes I think they are fundamentally and basically finalists. Everything is final; everything that happens is final; everything you do is final; every experience is final. I am not a finalist any more than I am an absolutist. I do not accept the theory of finality as applied either to the development of the human personality, or to the achievement of civilization itself. That, I think, can be repudiated by every sincere and discriminating observer of historical processes.

Therefore, in a generation that has to combat a distinctive psychological battle, what is the good news for us? The distinctive thing about our present moment, as far as I can see it, is that we have a double fight upon our hands. I was thinking of that on Friday morning when I had that great opportunity, one of the greatest that has come my way in a long time, of looking into the faces of 2,000 picked young people from the schools of the State of Illinois, in Peoria. I never looked into the faces of more sincere, thoughtful and concerned people than I did when I faced those representatives from the Students' Councils who set up the government of the High schools for this State and in their respective High schools. I thought of it when I looked into their faces.

When I was a comparable age and in High school, democracy was never questioned. Why, when I was a boy no one would ever have thought of questioning the righteousness and the capacity of democracy to preserve itself

and live. We accepted it just as we pretty largely did the elemental truths connected with religion. There they were, and our attitude toward them was one of adjustment to them. We never questioned them. When I was of that age group, never for one moment was there any argument as to whether democracy would work or not. There wasn't any question about it. In an environment of that sort where the social imperative is such that your relation to it is secured by a great faith in it, you can handle your individual problems more easily. You cannot do that in this generation and in this day. There are individuals who are having a terrific battle with life to maintain poise, equilibrium, a sense of continuity, and an idea of perspective. And many an individual is having a terrific battle perhaps because of ill health, or some great emotional experience or upheaval that seems to shatter and rock the very foundations of that individual's life, until a growing sense of failure, despair and frustration keeps gnawing away at the heart of that individual and collapse comes, and then, inevitably, condemnation and criticism of society and the world. That has been one of the things that has softened my criticisms more than anything in the world against the people who fail, and the people who lose the battle of life. It is all right for the strong; it is all right for the well integrated, and for those who have every compensation of life, for those who are surrounded with a home coronated in a beautiful love. It is all right when your own life is lived under safety and protection. It is all right for you who have all these things, and look with condemnation and criticism upon those who fail. Yes. But you don't understand. That is why the life that has had difficulties and fails and wallows in the gutter of the world has my deepest sympathy, and not my criticism.

There is a double battle now because everything in this present moment is on trial, and it is not pleasant to be constantly facing the challenge of trial. People who feel that they are always on trial, on trial with their friends, on trial with those they love, on trial with life, it does something to them, it withers the very creative sources of their own lives, and it is not pleasant to feel that you are always on trial. A wife that is on trial with her husband will find love growing cold, and a husband that has that attitude with the wife will find love becoming ashes. On trial! It will destroy the most perfect and idealistic friendship when friends feel they are constantly on trial with their friends. The thing that unites, cements and binds is *CONFIDENCE* and *FAITH,* not being on trial.

Now, we are in a world where everything is on trial, and that is what is driving the people to all sorts of nervous and mental breakdowns, broken friendships, ruined homes, . . . why, this is all but a part, and the inevitable reaction, of an earth on trial. Government is on trial, it is in the courtroom. There is not a form of government ever conceived by the mind of man that is not now fighting for survival rights! It is in the courtroom of our own fears and ideologies they are all on trial.

Education is on trial. There is not a theory of education that has ever been evolved, not even our own, not an educational technique today that is not on trial. Why, between two of the greatest personalities in the field of education, Robert M. Hutchins on the one hand, and John Dewey of Columbia University on the other, there is the deepening chasm about education. So, there is not an educator on either

side of the Atlantic who is dogmatic as to whether we are doing these things properly or not. No one is sure or certain, so education is on trial and it creates a certain environment.

Religion is on trial. There is not a church, a creed, nor an ecclesiastical system that is not vitally concerned about its future. The oldest historical root of Christianity, the Roman Catholic Church, feels deeply this truth. Every Protestant church feels it. Every ecclesiastical organization feels it. Religion is on trial in the world today and it is fighting for its life in a world like this. It is on trial.

Business is on trial. Economic soundness, industrial rectitude are on trial, and there is not an important financier in the world today who is not walking the corridors of the great marts of trade concerned about the future. Business is on trial.

Is it any wonder then if this all seeps over into the common daily experiences which you and I face? This havoc which is happening is bringing a double battle to us all. Before this awful ordeal of suspicion and unrest and the agonizing experience of the possibility of failure and elimination . . . before that settled down upon the world, your individual problems and mine were easier. We could handle them better. Now we must work them out in the environment of a double battlefield. Not only must we battle inside of our own hearts the problems that come to our lives, but we must do it against the same identical thing existing in the world about us. That's why it is so hard for people these days.

What are we to do? We should be more patient with each other; we should be more understanding and more sympathetic. People are not only fighting alone but they are fighting a whole world spirit. They are living and operating in a world spirit. It has them by their throats and by their hearts. That is why we get these distorted ideas in human relations. That is why we are unable to maintain balance and the dignity of poise, and a sense of mastery. We are under assault! Every decent thing is on trial; every beautiful thing in the world is in the courtroom!

Now, what's the good news in a moment like that? What are we to do about it; what should our attitude be toward it? Down there in Peoria, in the questions that those young people asked me when I was down there, I detected what is always beautiful with youth, and that is a sense of tomorrow, *A SENSE OF TOMORROW!* As I conferred and talked with them and listened to their questions and attempted to answer them, I saw shining in the faces of those young people the prophetic glow of a better tomorrow for the world! As I looked into their faces and saw the contagion of that glow I thought to myself, "Well, you have tried to stand for those things, you have spoken about those dreams and hopes all of your life and now you are in the midst of the wreckage." Man's hope is not in Christ but in an atom bomb. When man's sense of security is based upon his materialistic power and his mechanistic genius, what becomes of his belief in a dream? What's the darkest hour in a person's life? I think I know. It is at fifty, or sixty, or seventy years of life when there comes the sudden staggering experience of realizing that your dreams of twenty of what you would be at sixty can never happen; when life closes the books and twenty recedes into the dim past while the brutality of reality shuts the door. That is tragedy!

Is it a final tragedy? No! Why? Because life is relative. Twenty and sixty are no longer boundaries of years.

Whatever sixty and twenty have in this present world in the immediate future they are going to share together. And I said to those youngsters, "Though the door of my house of dreams has closed, and what I did at twenty is now in the past, yet you and I together, twenty and sixty, will share the same future, and whatever happens to you in this kind of a world is going to happen to me too, and whatever happens to me in this kind of a world is going to happen to you too. That's the relative age in which we all live." Ah, what's the good news in it? That the barrier need no longer exist; that age is a vicious thing thought up by absolutists and finalists; that it is a tyrant that has no place in a modern, liquid, limpid world! So twenty and sixty may work together as youth and age have never before worked in the world to preserve the elemental virtues of a decent heart and a decent society!

Let us suppose that you can think of all of history in a fifty year cycle. I don't want to be confusing now, but let us suppose that you can think of all of history in a fifty year cycle, fifty years is all. We have 49 years of those 50. It took man to evolve an agricultural civilization to preserve himself 49 years, without a line of poetry, without a star in the sky, that is, just to live as a physical thing. Fifty years of history, 49 of those years in the evolution of man to bring thru an agricultural period. Do you know what time it is in religion? We have had three months out of the 50 years. Do you know what time it is in literature and art? We have had only six months of the 50 years for that. Do you know what time it is in man's effort to build an integrated world continuity? Four minutes! We have all been at that job four minutes out of fifty years. Good news! The mere fact that potentiality and possibility exist is the news for hearts today. Good news! The illumination to the human heart and the human mind that the negative attitude is not the final attitude—one positive thing destroys every negation! There may be a million million antagonizing negative arguments against this, that, and the other; *ONE POSITIVE THING AND ALL THE REST ARE VITIATED!* That positive thing is in my heart and is the best thing I know.

You remember Robinson Crusoe, the negative attitude which he had when on that island. He thought that he was utterly alone; negative, Negative, NEGATIVE, all the evidence against him, and one day—every boy listening to me knows what happened —one day he saw footprints on the sand. Those footprints, the one positive thing in his experience on an island, and those footprints destroyed all the negativism that was in his life. There are footprints all along the way of life, footprints. Footprints of possibilities, of potentialities for peace, that every life will find compensations to make it beautiful, and every defeat can be turned into a stone upon which to step to victory!

Don't despair! I know the struggle is great and you are fighting a double battle. You have got to fight the world and you have got to fight for yourself, but *THERE IS POWER, AVAILABLE POWER! CLAIM IT! NOTHING IS GOING TO HAPPEN TO THAT POWER! NOTHING! NOT A THING! IF THE WORLD WOULD CRASH ABOUT US IN THE NEXT TWENTY-FOUR HOURS NOTHING WOULD HAPPEN TO THAT POWER!* I don't care how many atom bombs the nations of the world have and how much they can destroy, nothing can happen to that power, that's positive. But we must keep life beautiful, sweet. A

group of students were over in Rome, students in the creative arts. A very rich old man who had had his dreams in his youth-time for the world of creative art and failed, built a great fortune and he went back to those dreams and in the City of Rome he helped the poor deserving students who were trying to get an education. He visited the school in which he had been interested and in that group one young man stood out. Every occasion was a signal for a celebration, every anniversary was the doorway to a party of drink and dissipation, vulgarity and vileness, and those young people were rotting and blotting out their very souls.

This young man had none of it. He would go to their affairs and parties but he was loved and respected. Finally the older man said to this youth one evening, "I wish you would tell me something about yourself," and they walked out upon one of the seven hills of Rome and the old man said, "I notice that you do not participate in this dissipation, that you are not promiscuous, that you have the beautiful attractiveness of dignity, that you do not choose to participate in future degradation." The youth looked at him and said, "Do you want to know why? I'll tell you why. You see that western sky? Well, out beyond that western sky is the western sea, and over and beyond that western sea is a little New England village, and in that New England village is the girl I love and I am keeping myself clean for her."

What do you think that kind of morality would be? Good news for the world.

GANDHI

Because for the next twenty centuries people will be talking about Gandhi in this world, I am going to talk about him now. We had a memorial service to him on the night of his death, in my church, the church was filled to overflowing and it was one of the most inspiring evenings we have had during the entire season. I recall how Gandhi was frequently thought of as a joke. The cartoonists made a caricature of him; he was laughed at and made fun of; people have frequently thought of him in terms of derision and of misunderstanding. He was physically repulsive—he was homely. He had a very strange and unusual physiognomy, going about the world in a loin cloth and a white garment of his own weaving, wearing the costume which was characteristic of his own particular caste in India among the Hindus. We practical Americans thought of him as a sort of freak. We couldn't understand why anyone should not eat meat—we, the greatest meat consuming nation in the world. We thought only people who were some sort of crackpot would live on nuts and goat's milk. Those of us in America who have had so many delectable and delightful articles of food in our diet looked at this funny little man with bowlegs, thin and emaciated body, a toothless mouth, or only two or three teeth, and those funny big glasses that he used to wear which were the only thing that identified him to the western world, and we couldn't understand how a man like that could do anything in the world which would be of any consequence.

We shall never make fun of him again, and when those who laughed and those who sneered are all unremembered dust, Gandhi will be alive. He will live as one of the three or four finest examples of putting into practice the true fundamentals of Christ the world has ever known. When his critics are all forgotten Gandhi and

what he stood for will be the hope of the world!

Now let us see if what I have said is extravagant. I don't think one can speak extravagantly in this case. Oh, these penetrating minds that look into the realities of spiritual truth, and have to wait for generation after generation. Gandhi has to wait. Tolstoy, Thoreau, Whitman, Emerson, Lincoln, Christ—they all have to wait for you and for me to even touch the hems of their garments for the healing that is good for our souls, and the only thing that will heal a stricken world. We tried bigness and power and strength and muscle and dollars, and ships and bayonets.

This young man Gandhi went to London and studied and became more than a good violinist. There was music in his heart and soul. Then as a young lawyer in South Africa he saw the tragedy of millions in that country held by the iron power of a tyrannical government. Then it was he read Tolstoy, Thoreau, Emerson. He read the New Testament. Truth began to dawn in his mind and to touch his soul. He knew the universal truth, and something always happens to a person's personality when universal truth dawns on a soul. All normal standards of a practical society become unimportant; the traditions of blind nationalism become insignificant. The world laughed at an impractical little fanatic. Gandhi said: "It will all fail. I shall have nothing to do with it, nothing!" He said, "I shall not eat meat, as a protest against the taking of life." He said, "I shall not bear arms again for any government in the world; and I, a Hindu (in a nation of caste systems where to even let the shadow of an outcast strike against a Hindu or Brahman is an unpardonable, unforgivable thing), shall take an outcast into my home," and in the presence of all India and all the world, Gandhi adopted an outcast. Gandhi said, "I am through with caste; I have no weapons except truth, and I have no shield except love. Imprison me if you will." And they did, as though prison bars could confine love. And this little man of ninety-six pounds, without a bayonet, without a sword, shook the world as it has never been shaken except once before when the mountains shook and the caves opened deeper on a crucifixion day. With Mohammedans at the throats of Hindus, and Hindus at the throats of Mohammedans, there he stood; Pakistan, India, the United Nations, trying to solve problems by organization, by materialistic concepts, and Gandhi said, "I shall eat no more food ever, if this is to be your way. If this is the best you can do, I shall die." The hours crept on, death crept nearer. One afternoon at the United Nations session at Lake Success, the Moslem delegate from Pakistan and the Hindu delegate from India met quietly and alone, and they, who but a few moments before would have been at each other's throats, said, "Gandhi must not die; he is Love; he is Peace." So the diplomats said, "Gandhi must not die. Let's work the thing out in peace." Through the air like the voice of God went the message to Gandhi. He gave his benediction of love and said, "Blessed be God; blessed be peace." India was beginning its complete understanding. Then a crazed and maddened Hindu, member of the sect that had opposed Gandhi from the beginning, one of his own caste, frenzied by the demon "power," sent a bullet into his body while he was on his way to pray, and Gandhi's dying gesture was one of forgiveness.

That young student immortalized Gandhi. Gandhi dead is Gandhi alive. And now India must give demonstration to the world that she is worthy of Gandhi. My dear friends, either Gandhi was wrong and we are r i g h t, or Gandhi was right and we are wrong. Gandhi and the world cannot both be right. Either the spirit of Love and Truth and Beauty, without bloodshed, without Hate, is right, and our way is wrong, or our way of blood and power and death and tears is right and Gandhi is wrong. I wait for the centuries to answer.

P. B.

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

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EDITORIAL

I CHANCED to pick up a little magazet which came in the mail and found this verse by Louis E. Thayer, which fits perfectly into what I have to say. Mr. Thayer says:

"Here's to the fellow who knows self-control,
When another would fly in a rage;
Who stands the calm master of his own soul
When disaster is holding the stage.
Here's to the chap who can smile at the jeers
With the courage the others all lack;
Who, taking the blows and scorning the sneers,
Can conquer without hitting back.
That kind of courage is often unsung,
But it's that kind of courage men like;
He is a hero who masters his tongue,
And holds back the blow he might strike.
So, here's to the chap who takes it and grins,
And who has the unusual knack
Of using restraint in the battles he wins,
And conquers without hitting back."

The spirit of hitting back or wanting to fight somebody seems to be the attitude of many people. In my travels on trains I see little evidences of the touchiness, nervousness and general jitteryness of people. I saw an impressive example of it when returning from Cedar Rapids recently, over a little matter that could easily have been settled with courtesy and consideration, had a little restraint been used. One runs into it on the bus, in the street car, in the restaurant, in the stores,—everywhere. The general turmoil of the world seems to be reflected in the conduct of people—and may we not expect that as long as individuals are in turmoil, so will the world be? But after all is said and done, are world conditions or local conditions any valid excuse for much of the unkindness, incivility, inconsiderateness, unreasonableness and criticism? I am sure every thoughtful listener will agree with me that this is all ridiculous and absurd. People have much to contend with. The annoyances are great. There isn't any wholesale condemna-

tion which can be placed against anyone, for we are all somewhat guilty; but we could all do better in creating a finer atmosphere and radiating a different attitude as we go about our daily lives. Though there may be a thousand and one reasons for people's disturbed and upset condition, there isn't any one of us who couldn't do better than he is doing in trying to meet every circumstance and every condition with his best self rather than his worst, for there is a best self in even the worst of us.

The psychological rebound of world upset and hate couldn't help but affect us, but it need not necessarily create unkindness and inconsiderateness so that we should react briskly and unkindly towards each other. Something like the little boy when the photographer was lining up the students for a school picture the other day where a friend of mine is a teacher. Noticing one child's glum expression, the photographer said to him, "Now, smile nicely at that little girl over there, young man." "Aw, heck," was the disgusted reply, "that my sister." You see what I mean? You may smile because this was a youngster, but you know very well we oldsters are sometimes just as guilty. If we could all start the day some morning by saying: "I am not going to lose my temper today; I am not going to speak harshly or unkindly; I am not going to get in a dither and a state that borders hysteria. I am going to keep control of myself and remain in possession of myself. I am going to move through this day, no matter what its problems and difficulties or irritating experiences, quietly and calmly." If we would all try that some morning, we would help to produce an atmosphere and produce an environment that would help us all with many problems which we have.

No one is his best in a quarrel. No one evidences any fineness of character or instinct when he is inconsiderate. The person who is always criticising and comparing and attacking other people is always in trouble himself. I have never known a person in my life who was always criticising, condemning, judging, fault-finding about other people, whose own life was not full of trouble. We create for ourselves that which we give to another. The penalty of hating is always on the hater and not on the hated. With the many, many burdens which so many people have to bear, every one of them could be lightened if we could all re-organize and re-adjust our individual approach to life.

One of the happiest people I know, and I mean happy in its highest sense, is a woman who has carried as much grief and sorrow and heartache in her life as any person I have ever known, and yet who always evidences a spirit of helpfulness and understanding and tolerance toward another. She has found the way that leads to inner peace. A great prophet and teacher many years ago crystallized my whole thought in a sentence which many people have never understood, but which is so true when we realize the full scope of its meaning: "He that saveth his life shall lose it, but he that loseth his life shall find it." Here is one of the most important truths that one can learn or understand; the great truth of receiving because we give; the truth of our own individual lives built into citadels of power and strength and health because we give those lives to the building of other lives. If you read "The Prophet in the Wilderness" which I reviewed earlier this season, you found how Dr. Albert Schweitzer proved that truth to his own satisfaction.

"When everything goes crooked
And seems inclined to rile,
Don't kick, nor fuss, nor fidget,
Just—you—smile!
It's hard to learn the lesson,
But learn it if you'd win;
When people tease and pester,
Just—you—grin;
When someone tries to 'do' you
By taking more than half,
Be patient, firm and pleasant,
Just—you—laugh!
But if you find you're stuffy,
(Sometimes, of course, you will,)
And cannot smile or grin or laugh,
Just—keep—still!"

It never meant more in the history of the world to share another's burden and to help carry another's load than in this hour. To add to another's burden and help increase another's load at any time is the unpardonable sin. I often quote and it cannot be quoted too often, the finest thing that Abraham Lincoln said—greater than the Gettysburg address or the second inaugural—when a minister friend, concerned about Abraham Lincoln's soul and what might happen to him after death, was discussing the matter with him, Lincoln said: "I want it said of me after I am gone, that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower where I thought a flower would grow." People who pluck thistles and poisonous weeds from the garden of life are those who help the flowers of friendship, of understanding and love to bud and blossom. A nation reflects the spirit of its citizens and thus we are all important in the place we happen to fill. The friendship and kindness of each and every one of us is needed to straighten out this very much upset world of ours. Start plucking thistles tomorrow and planting roses instead and you will have the best day you've ever had. P. B.

BOOK CHATS

I AM going to begin this book chat by discussing a book by Fulton Oursler, which he calls "The Precious Secret." This book is one of those which is not primarily concerned with meeting or maintaining a literary standard, but is one which seems to reach out into the areas of the spirit. Those of you who remember the old "Liberty" Magazine, will remember that Fulton Oursler was its editor. Then later on he became what is called a "roving editor" of the "Reader's Digest." I assume that a roving editor means what it says: roaming about the country and getting little human interest stories that appeal to a large number of people. Then radio called him and he began that very famous and popular program called "The Greatest Thing in the World." And now he's lecturing up and down the country.

In this book Mr. Oursler has not taken a theme and developed it progressively, but in most chapters he has taken isolated incidents along the way of life and fitted them into his thesis. His thesis we are all familiar with, since it is found in the Declaration of Independence—that all people are entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. He does not spend any

time on the phrase that we are entitled to life. He says the health services, the biologist, the scientist and the psychiatrist have all materially assisted that and have extended the life span and that we have met very adequately that phrase from the Declaration of Independence, which is true. I heard a man say recently that within 50 years the normal life span will be 150 to possibly 160 years, and that man will live fully and richly and even retain his procreative capacity until the final years of life. Mr. Oursler thinks the phrase about liberty is being taken care of. Whether it is being maintained or not is something to think about, but we have spent billions and billions of dollars and thirty-five million human lives on the principle of liberty. But the phrase that we have not fully mastered is the pursuit of happiness. And he has some interesting approaches to the pursuit of happiness.

I was a little surprised to learn that he should think of happiness itself as an objective. The philosophers do not say so. The great philosophic minds who have given thought to the motifs and imperatives of life are a unit in their attitude that happiness is not a thing, an objective, but a by-product —a result that arises out of the equilibrium and stabilization of the soul; that it comes to the well poised life and well poised mind and heart. Perhaps Mr. Oursler thought that if you were to talk of happiness to the man on the street in the terms I have spoken of that he would not have a clear idea of happiness. He says you are entitled to it, but it seems to me he has missed the full implication of the phrase. The phrase is, the pursuit of happiness; and whoever put that phrase in the constitution or our preamble—and I am quite convinced it was either Thomas Paine or Thomas Jefferson—but whoever originated it, had in mind a process toward happiness and not happiness itself.

Most of the chapters of the book you may have read, because most of them I recognize as coming directly from the "Readers Digest." Here are just a few of the chapter titles: "Several Reasons Why a Scientist Believes in God." (That is based on Dr. Du Nouy's book "Human Destiny.")—"The Greatest Personality;"—"One Hundred Frightened Parents;" "Music Before Breakfast;" (We have music before luncheon and dinner, and now here is a chapter on "Music Before Breakfast.") If there is a parent listening, in this age of juvenile delinquency, you should read the chapter on "Father Flanagan's Toughest Customer." Each chapter is independent. They are not connected in an artistic sense; but he has running through all these chapters a mythical thread, using man's experiences as involved with his faith. It is a book in which he builds the idea that happiness is impossible unless the soul has peace, and that there will be no peace for the soul unless the soul is functioning under the imperative of a great faith, and yet he enters into no theological argument.

In the book he gives the eight motifs of A. Cressy Morrison, and I am going to give them to you, for I think they will be helpful. Here are the motifs:

(1) Have a goal and pursue it faithfully.

(2) We will maintain an interest in knowledge and truth.

(3) We will never be content with anything we do. (That is the beginning of the pursuit of happiness.) (When you are satisfied with your achievements you are beginning to

stagnate and it won't be long until you begin to deteriorate.)

(4) We will know that in grief we can grow strong. That is not always easy, but it is true.

(5) We will accept misfortune in good faith. (None of us like to do this, but it is one of the quests to happiness.)

(6) We will keep clean of grudges. (It is not enough to forgive. The forgiving is incomplete without forgetting; forgetting is a part of forgiving. Most of us don't think so in our pursuit of happiness. I have heard people say: "I forgive you, but I won't forget it." Forgetting is a part of it.)

(7) We will do more than we are required to do. (What do you think that would do to the world? What would it do to labor, with one eye on the clock? And to capital with its greed? "If a man asks you for your robe, give him also thy cloak." That is the basis of happiness; that you do more than you are required to do.)

(8) We will learn the true values of obstacles and of unfair treatment. (How many people are making themselves miserable every day by keeping themselves all stirred up because they have been unfairly treated, and they say over and over again: "They can't do that to me." That is the beginning of unhappiness.)

Then Mr. Oursler gives you reasons why a scientist believes in God. I use the word God because I don't know any better word. A scientist believes in God because by the uniformity of Nature, we are forced to realize that only an infinite mind could have seen and prepared it with such astute weapons. The fact that man can conceive the idea of God is within itself a unique proof. The fact that man is always reaching for God is within itself proof that there is something to reach for; and that is perfectly valid; that is pure logic. There isn't anything invalid in it. We, the human race, have seen the daring heights and splashed the earth with blood, and washed it with tears, and have concluded that there is more in life than death, and that to live is to live purposefully. Man is restless and man has stacked his tents and is on the march. What is his quest? To find the only happiness available—the happiness that comes from unity with God.

* * *

For many years the name of Carl Van Doren has been most highly respected in the field of American literature. He has already written seventeen very significant and, most of them, quite important books. He has covered the entire field of American literature except poetry. He has done some remarkable things in biography and, also, in autobiography. One of the most interesting books he has written is the book about himself. He has covered the field of history most exceptionally and brilliantly. Besides that, he has cooperated with others in four or five important anthologies. By birth, Mr. Van Doren is a mid-westerner, coming from Cedar Rapids, Iowa. He once worked in a Chicago bank. But Carl Van Doran has arrived at a certain authenticity in his work that immediately commands the consideration of all intelligent people. When he writes a book, it is about something and it is written for a purpose. Even his fiction has distinction and will probably be more enduring than some of the books that have reached the popular acclaim. Carl Van Doren has always been interested in history and in the years past he has done more than just portrayals of certain personalities and certain periods. With him it is a vital, evolving, creative thing. His histories become alive.

I consider this book the finest one volume presentation of the personali

ties, struggles, and efforts that entered into the creation of this nation of any book yet written. It is valuable from many points of view, but from one in particular. This is the first time since the nation was founded that mention of what took place in the constitutional convention is made available to the people. Most Americans are universally and tragically ignorant in regard to the foundation of the nation itself, and haven't the remotest idea of what took place, of the challenge that faced those who had the responsibility of trying to integrate in a political pattern something that would be sufficiently inclusive, and at the same time powerful enough in the organizational technique to unite a people and create a nation. Most people in the United States don't know that the entire procedure of the constitutional convention was secret; they do not know what the obstacles were and the difficulties that were faced and the tragic amount of compromise that took place in order to get anything accomplished. And so for the first time in the history of our nation we have one book, a book based on the day by day record (there was no official record) which was kept by a Major William Pearce, who was a delegate from Georgia, and who every day made his comments, discussed the personalities, and gave intimate pictures of the kind of men who were at work in this colossal task. If I had anything to do with the public schools of Chicago, I would make this book a text book. Of course, the moment you say that about a book, you immediately create more or less of an artificial barrier to interest, because people don't think of a text book as something they can enjoy. But this is not a text book in that sense of the word. It is almost as romantic as a novel. It gives glimpses of personalities that to most of us have been names only—and not men.

It is supremely tragic that there are not more people informed about this era of this nation. Something was being born in the great maternity hour of human history, and when we think of all this thing as happening overnight, as coming down in some flash of inspiration, we should rather remember those first years from 1620 to 1788—almost two hundred years, in round numbers — years of agony, of birth pains of this little group of people on that granite coast before they were able to develop a pattern in which they thought they could live together. To me the comprehension of this astonishing truth creates in my heart a great patience—it gives me a sense of value that all the hectic noises and raucous voices of today cannot silence. That is why Van Doren, in his efforts to make us see, called his book "The Great Rehearsal"; to let us see that our constitutional era was an era in which we were trying to get states, individual political units within a nation, to realize their nationhood as a unit. Now we are trying to get nations to realize their internationalhood within the fabrication of a world constitution. He makes the comparison and the analogy and does it, I think, with impeccable penetration, and with a profundity of comparison that will command the respect of the discriminating intellect.

These men were not all native born Americans. They came from all over the world. Hamilton came from the West Indies, some came from Ireland, some from France. In a true sense all were refugees. I am somewhat amazed about the objection to refugees, worthy personalities, being admitted to our country and all the furore it creates. The constitution was made by people who had been denied their rights. Freedom hasn't a price and when we think of it in terms of our practical, busi-

ness-minded, materialistic world, the two things don't belong together. Some of these minds knew that—there were a few intellectuals, men of great and profound understanding, graduates of Harvard, Columbia, Oxford, Cambridge, University of Dublin—they were scholars, the leaders of this convention, and when I hear the rumblings of the people of a democracy who point their fingers of derision against scholarship and accuse men in public life of being members of a brain trust, I begin to worry. When the people of a democracy make fun of brains, they are creating for themselves a serious situation, for which they may pay with blood, sweat and tears. This nation was founded by a brain trust. Now is it beyond the hope of man in a cracking, creaking world, to think that if it took a people who all spoke the same language, who bowed rather generally to the same altar, who had the same traditions of culture and philosophy, who lived within one little area or segment of a hemisphere—if it took them eleven years to get a document that could bring one people together—a document that has had to be amended since and will be amended again; is it beyond our imagination then and is it unrealistic thinking to assume that just as this problem was the problem of the many individual colonies who were thinking in the terms of a nationship, so the problem of the present world is to get nations to think in terms of a world? Is it any wonder that fifty-five nations, with a charter at San Francisco and a United Nations organization should be fighting among themselves? Can we expect anything else? They have only been at it a couple of years;—two years, and fifty-five nations. It took us eleven years for one nation. If there is any reality to something called civilization, why not let us be patient? If it takes this world twenty-five years to build a worldship, what of it? And if it takes fifty years, there will come a time when we will have a world constitution and a world republic. For man has stacked his tents; he is on the march, he is going places, and my only regret is that I shall not be here to see him arrive.

It was Victor Hugo who said—a long time ago—

"Upon the skyline glows i' the dark
The Sun that now is but a spark;
But soon will be unfurled—
The glorious banner of us all,
The flag that rises ne'er to fall,
Republic of the World!"

* * *

What would you think of a book treating of the growth and development of a child, written in such an unusual way that it is the child who does the talking, and discusses his own problems and difficulties with his friend, who is simply known as Shadow. Well, that's what Dr. Irving S. Abrams of the Cook County Children's Hospital and Sarah Morris Children's Hospital here in Chicago has done with the book which he calls "Junior Speaks Up," which is published by Macmillan. Dr. Samuel J. Hoffman of the Cook County Children's Hospital says there have been many books published on the care and behavior of infants and children. However, "Junior Speaks Up" is a new approach. This book probes into the minds of infants and young children in an interesting and humorous manner. The author gives Junior, who is a newborn baby, and also the main character, the gift of talking, so that the baby's point of view is clearly understood by the reader. The movie-like fashion of presentation gives the text a lively readability.

Many persons unwittingly disregard the principles of infant and child feeding and training. The author clearly

focuses his lens on the perplexing problems and shows how they can be simply handled. As a whole, this book will give to parents a tremendous amount of information, thereby preventing much heartache. I have never known any book in the field quite like it. Dr. Abrams says in his preface—and by the way, Dr. Abrams had great experience as a medical officer for three years in a rural area surrounding two of the large army and navy establishments in the country, where he discovered much misunderstanding and ignorance of even the simplest procedures necessary for the development of infants and children. He had conversations with thousands of mothers, wives of service men, in his baby and child clinics, which revealed to him the tragic ignorance of most parents concerning baby knowledge. Dr. Abrams, as I said a moment ago, in his introduction says that World War II revealed large numbers of vigorous youths who, though otherwise fit, did not have a type of emotional stability sufficient in quality to meet the rigorous requirements of military service. This particular section of our nation's manpower came from all classes of society. It is not desirable for a nation to be made up of stable individuals simply to engage in war. The problem is more serious. It is necessary for a nation to be stocked with easily adaptable, emotionally stable individuals, properly equipped with mental as well as physical wherewithal to meet individual as well as national crises. Every person must bear his full burden when occasion requires. Psychologists agree that early child training and guidance by properly equipped persons offers the best hope of producing a community of well balanced individuals. Only through this means is there hope of those babies solving their later problems in an effective and cooperative way. There is general agreement also that parents are the only desirable means through which children should receive the necessary training and guidance.

Where are parents to receive the knowledge with which to guide their children through the later years of productivity which in our modern society are quite exacting? Well, there are many sources available. In recent years the impetus given to mental hygiene clinics, infant welfare services, public health expansion and public health education has carried progress far and accomplished wonderful results. However, these results are far from being widespread. Our available knowledge is way out in front of the practical use of this knowledge. The fact is, as Dr. Abrams says, though there is so much available baby literature, yet in many instances it is tough reading and disagreeable to too many parents. Too often it is dry. Educational literature in many instances would possibly be more readily accepted if more old-fashioned American humor were presented. Our nation, above all others, has classically taken to its heart the humorous aspect of serious situations. World leaders have broken many a tense moment with a comic remark, thus easing tension and arriving at agreement, and many persons in a rising fit of rage have diverted its destructive nature by a hearty "laugh at one's self." Humor simply opens up another release for internal tensions.

This book, "Junior Speaks Up," is simply putting into the mouth of a baby what the author anticipates, based upon his own experiences, a baby would say about his own problems. Junior is a normal baby. He has no problems that are peculiar to any one

class, nor has he any that are alien to persons living under more privileged circumstances. His sufferings and joys are universal, his parents, whether they be royalty, the untouchable of India, the middle-class business folk of our great American nation, the street cleaner and his wife, or the roving gypsies, have experienced the same sufferings and joys in bringing up their children. Many of the more difficult problems that bring unpleasant hours and days to both parents and baby can be avoided. Dr. Abrams says he has heard a great many people say "It is so hard to understand a baby. He cannot talk and tell you anything." It is true that he cannot talk, but there have been plenty of long-time observers of babies, who know what is best and how a problem should be met. Junior in this book is unique in that he not only talks but he speaks with his shadow, who alone can understand his language. We have the baby telling of his experiences with his parents and the environment the parents have created for him. He takes advantage of every weakness his parents show, and every bit of knowledge they fail to acquire. This is normal for a baby to do. The baby grows up in a world of persons, things and situations and by a slow process of experiences and unfolding of behavior patterns, he learns to act and respond and even to live. Parents and adults often think they understand children so well, and that they know them so thoroughly, but if parents only knew how much their children knew about them, it might be somewhat surprising.

One point which Dr. Abrams wants the reader to be clear about is that while Junior is a super-baby, the reader should clearly understand that the baby really is immature, for in this book the life of the child is only treated from birth to 2½ years old. Now you imagine what a baby would say about the world he is in up to the age of 2½ years. Well, you will be surprised and amused and helped. Dr. Abrams had the help of his own son Richard, in offering many suggestions about the character Junior. There is an interesting appendix called "Things For Parents to Know," and most valuable suggestions in regard to the diet of the child as well. Junior, in the book "Junior Speaks Up," is the kind of a baby that one can look forward to growing up and becoming a personality who will be an asset and not a liability.

I close with a poem from the book "Reflections," by Frank H. Keith. I am sure those of you who read Arch Ward's "In the Wake of the News," will be familiar with the poet. His little poem called "Parenthood's Blessing," is apropos of this book:

"We favored folk whose world is close
Within a growing family
Can never lose the freshness of
The scattered years that used to be.

For little children keep alive
The things we want the least to die:
The mirth of every Christmas Eve,
The picnics and the summer sky.

Within their tiny souls we glimpse
Again fair innocence and truth,
And in our children we can live
Once more the vanished days of youth."

P.B.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

HAVE you ever loved a little dog? One you have brought up since it was small enough to be held in the palm of your hand? Well, if you haven't, then turn the page and pass up this article. Only those who know and love dogs, who have held them dear as pets and when death steps in and takes that pet have suffered the keen sorrow of losing something very precious out of their lives, will understand and appreciate this rather mysterious story of what happened at our Island a few days ago.

It is only now and then that people really speak to each other from the curious secret depths of their hearts. I wonder is it reticence, or just the fear of being thought queer, a bit "touched in the head," as the Scotch say, that we seldom express our innermost thoughts and feelings even to our closest friends perhaps, about questions of religion, mystic nature, death, or our idea of God; also about intuition, premonition, telepathy, answer to prayer and so on; also one cannot put into words and would hesitate to tell how they love their dog—what their pet dog means to them! Few would understand.

Tower, the little town bordering on Lake Vermilion, decided to celebrate the "glorious 4th" on July 3rd, as three neighboring towns were not only celebrating our national holiday, but also an historical event connected with each town. (One was celebrating a seventy-fifth anniversary of its founding.) So Tower planned its program for Saturday.

Dr. Bradley and I, with our guests, left the Island at 8:00 a.m., to be down in time to see the parade at 9:30. We cruised down by boat, enjoying the ride very much, the morning being calm, warm and beautiful. After reviewing the parade, everybody repaired to the high school auditorium, where Dr. Bradley gave his annual 4th of July address. Many came from miles around to hear him, and I am sure went home enriched, with many things to think about concerning world affairs.

We were given a very nice chicken dinner at the "Vets Club," and spent the afternoon with friends. We were quite merry, talking over the day's events while we rode home, enjoying the lovely sunset sky and the unusually calm lake—the color of mother-of-pearl, never dreaming there had been a storm. We arrived at our dock about 7 o'clock.

Our little dog is always there to meet us with joyful barks and funny little cries, wiggling his little body and pouncing upon us, then running back and forth the length of the dock with much excitement, telling us as plainly as possible how happy he is we have come home. When perchance he has not been there to greet us, there is an immediate note of alarm struck in our hearts and a strange, lonely feeling—we hurry to the house to find him, and discover the house door has blown shut, or he has been so sound asleep he didn't hear the boat or awaken till we called "Skipper!—Where are you?"

When he was not on the dock this time and we asked Joe, the boy who is working at the Island this summer, "Where is Skipper?" he said he didn't know—hadn't seen him for some time, and there had been an awful storm during the afternoon—terrific lightning, thunder, wind and heavy rain! Certain he was hiding, and still nearly paralyzed with fear, because the poor little fellow is always nearly frightened to death by a storm and wants to be closely held in our arms, or gets under something in the dark and trembles, every atom of him—we rushed to the house to find him, calling "Skippy—where are you? Come see—we're home!" But there was no response—not a sound!

We looked in every room, every closet, under every piece of furniture, our alarm increasing momentarily. Then we searched the other buildings, the cabin, the washhouse, the "sauna," (which is a Finnish bath house) and the Study—every nook and corner—in groups and singly we searched! Meeting in the path, we'd stop to look into each other's face blankly, wide-eyed, with the oft repeated question, "*What could* have happened? *Where* is he?" Then on we'd go. Darkness fell and the shadows became deep and black. There were six of us, each with a flashlight. Over and over we traversed every foot of the Island, looking under bushes and low-sweeping boughs, thinking the poor, frightened little fellow had sought protection from the storm. The possibility of his being hurt and unable to move naturally occurred to us, but we said in that case he would cry when he heard us near and calling him—but there was no sound. The night was very still. The wind, which had blown so wildly in the storm had been spent, and the lake had hardly a ripple. Quiet, peaceful, beautiful—but oh, the anguish tearing our hearts—*where* was our little white Skippy? What *could* have happened? One after the other of us would come to the porch or into the kitchen to talk it over—no one could offer a solution. Then we would jump up and go out with our flashlights, to retrace our steps, but all to no avail. The hours passed into midnight. My poor husband was exhausted (as was I). Naturally, we felt it more than anyone else, because of our very real and deep grief. We loved our little Skippy and had given him very loving care all his life. He is now eleven years old. He seems to understand every word we say to him.

Around two o'clock we decided all of us must go to bed until daylight. My husband said to me in a low, sad voice: "Mother, I can't help but think the dear little fellow was so terrorized by the storm that he tried to get away from it, and hid, but his fright was too hard on his heart and — it — just stopped. If he were alive he would make a sound to call us! I must find him—I *must* find him!"

As the first silvery grey light of dawn spread over the sky, dispelling the darkness, Doctor went out to look for his devoted little pet—just where we had looked over and over the night before. But there was no sign of him and no sound! And Doctor came in looking very sad, and he said, "The mystery of his disappearance makes it doubly hard!" Everyone was up by five o'clock and we had coffee and toast.

Then June and Virginia said they would take a boat and go around each of the nearby islands, looking carefully at the rock shores to see if—(no one wanted to put the idea into words)—the little body might have been tossed by wind and wave and caught in the rocks. We were all sure he was not alive.

The girls had not been gone long, and I had persuaded my husband to

drink some orange juice. We were sitting with two others of the household in the breakfast nook, when we suddenly heard barking, and someone said "That's Skippy!" We all ran to the dock instantly, thinking the girls had found him—and alive! Sure enough, they were in the boat, headed back here from quite a large island over a quarter of a mile from us, and when they saw us on the dock they waved their arms and as they came nearer, called, "We have him—and he's all right!" The reaction was almost too much! We cried and laughed and waved our arms and hugged each other, not knowing what to think or how to believe! Virginia held him in her arms, his head peering over her shoulder, ears pointed up, his eyes full of wonder and excitement. When he landed on the dock he was obviously so glad to be home and to see us, he couldn't make a sound; just ran around in circles, wiggling his little body and wagging that morsel of tail nearly off! He seemed bewildered, as though he couldn't figure it out, where he'd been—how he couldn't find his home, no house there at all, no dinner, no comfy blanket to sleep in—no one to put him to bed—no one to speak to him! Alone through the long, dark night and—"why?" That's what we would like to know, too—why, and how? June had a feeling she'd like to pull the boat up on a log on the shore and land, so she could walk in a little way and look—look among the rocks and brush along shore. She says she had only taken a few steps, with Virginia close behind her, when she stopped, hardly able to believe her eyes, and softly said, "Why, Skippy—Skippy!" But she says she actually couldn't move, she was so surprised, so shocked! There, not more than ten feet in front of them, in high weeds, with only his head showing above them, was Skippy, looking like a little white faun—his head turned toward them, his ears pointed up. He stood perfectly still, looking at them, and they at him. June went forward and picked him up, and he began to quiver and shake and whimper, showing his joy that they had come. It was when he saw the boat that he barked. It is possible he ran to the dock (Saturday), thinking he heard us coming, fell off, and in fright and bewilderment in the storm, kept on swimming instead of turning back to our shore; but that, I'll say, was a pretty long swim for a little dog! We will never know the truth about it.

A few minutes after he was restored to us (and the weight on our hearts lifted) we were gathered on the porch, Doctor in a rocker holding Skippy; and the little fellow gave a sigh of contentment, put his little head on Doctor's shoulder, and went to sleep. In a few minutes he lifted his head, looked at each one of us in turn as though to reassure himself he was really back, then he jumped down from Doctor's arms and went to the kitchen to see what might be doing in the way of a snack! We knew then he was all right—back to normal, and, so were we, now that our little white Skippy had come home!

KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

PEOPLES CHURCH ACTIVITIES

Lawrence at Sheridan

37th Season

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE (Broadcast by WJJD). During the church season from the middle of September to the middle of June ..... 11:00 a.m. to 12:30 p.m.
(The 37th season of The Peoples Church will open Sunday, September 19th, at 11:00 o'clock.)
During the summer while the church is closed Dr. Bradley will be heard in a 15-minute sermon by electrical transcription over WJJD every Sunday morning ..... 11:00 to 11:15 a.m.

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE (From first Sunday in November through Easter Sunday—not broadcast) ..... 7:30 p.m.

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION—During the church season, meets in Anderson Hall, with classes for all age groups. Robert Crosswhite, Superintendent ..... 9:30 a.m.

CHOIR REHEARSAL—During the church season, every Friday (Auditions 7:30 p.m.), Church auditorium. Walter Flandorf, Organist and Director ..... 8:00 p.m.

WOMAN'S CLUB—Meets every other Monday in Anderson Hall. Summer events by special notice from the Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Paul Raabe, 215 N. Washington St., Park Ridge, Ill. Park Ridge 624-M. ..... 1:00 p.m.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB—Meets every second and fourth Tuesday of each month in Anderson Hall. Summer events by special notice from the Corresponding Secretary, Miss Elsie L. Sykora, 618 Arlington St., Chicago 14, Ill. ..... 8:00 p.m.

MEN'S CLUB—Meets the fourth Monday of each month in Anderson Hall. During the summer, for information, write the Secretary, Harold Hansen, 2218 Carmen Avenue (25) Edg. 5998 ..... 8:00 p.m.

USHER'S CLUB—Meets first Tuesday of each month in Anderson Hall. For information write Frank J. Mason, Sec., 4935 Broadway (40) Edg. 3519 ..... 8:00 p.m.

PRESTON BRADLEY AUXILIARY OF THE MARY BARTELME CLUB—Meets with Professional and Business Woman's Club, the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month. For information write the Secretary, Miss Mary Nordstrom, 7737 Hortense St. (31) New. 7185 ..... 8:00 p.m.

PARENT-TEACHER FORUM OF THE CHURCH SCHOOL—Meets second Monday of each month in Anderson Hall during church season 8:00 p.m.

CHANNING CLUB—Meets first and third Fridays of each month in Anderson Hall. Rose Marie Lucas, Corr. Sec., 840 Lakeside Pl. (40) Edg. 8871 ..... 8:00 p.m.

GIRL SCOUT TROOP NO. 187—Meets every Thursday evening, Anderson Hall during Church season. Betty Boaz, Leader, 7637 N. Greenview Ave. (26) Rog. 5742 ..... 7:30 p.m.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS—J. Bradley-Griffin, Director. Summer season, June 18th through September 18th. Luzern Garden Theatre, Lake Geneva, Wis. 'Phone Lake Geneva 9. Transportation by bus, C. & N. W. train and automobile. Complete schedule on page 23.

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

WJJD—For the Summer, June 20th through September 12th, a 15-minute sermon by Dr. Preston Bradley by electrical transcription over WJJD ..... 11 to 11:15 a.m.

During the church season, from the middle of September to the middle of June, the entire church service is broadcast from the pulpit of the church by WJJD ..... 11 a.m. to 12:30 p.m.

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"NIGHT OF JANUARY 16".....August 17, 18, 19, 24

"ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST"...August 27, 28, 29, 30

"THE LITTLE FOXES".....August 31

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"THE LITTLE FOXES".....September 1, 2, 7, 8, 9

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